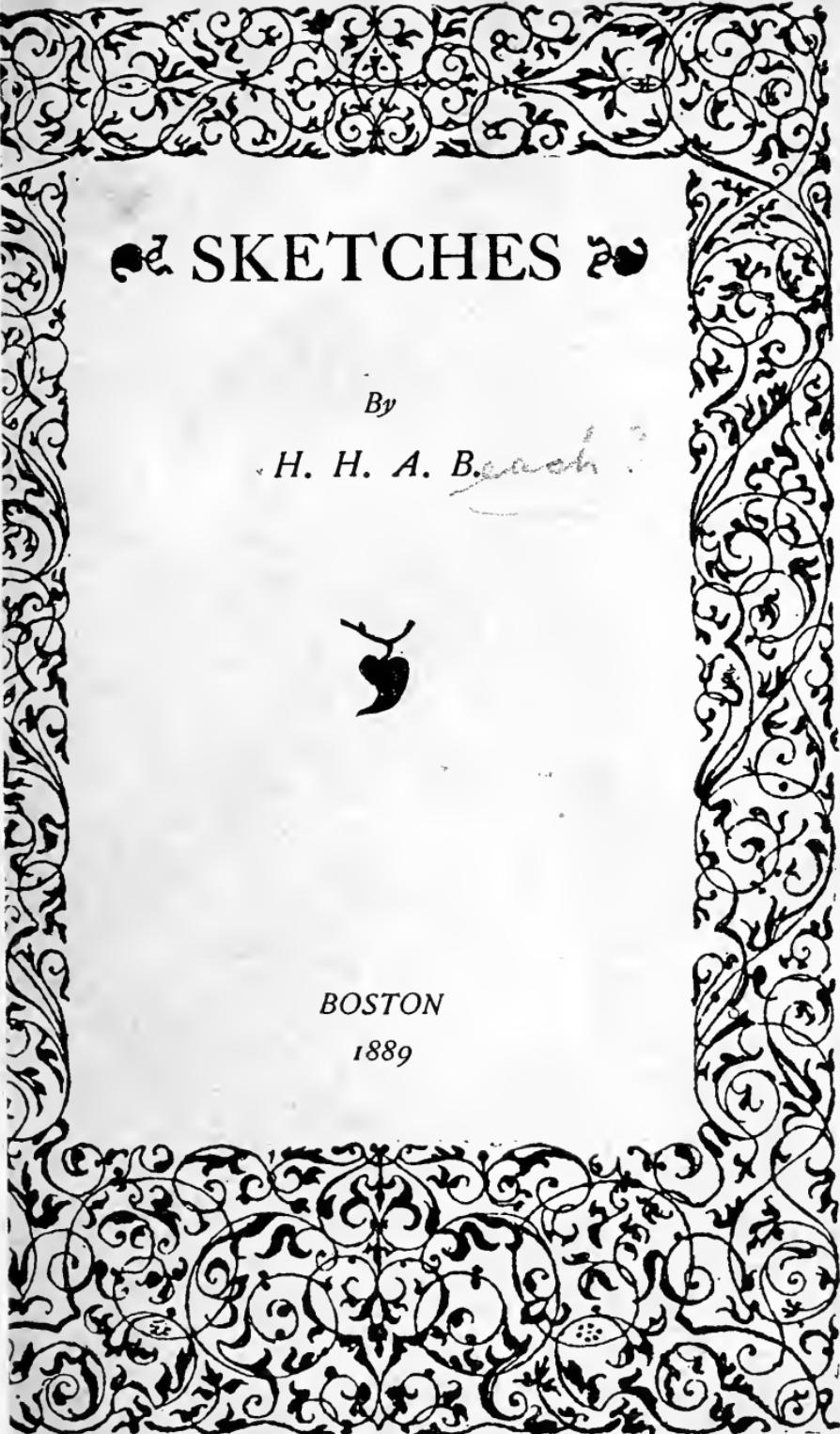


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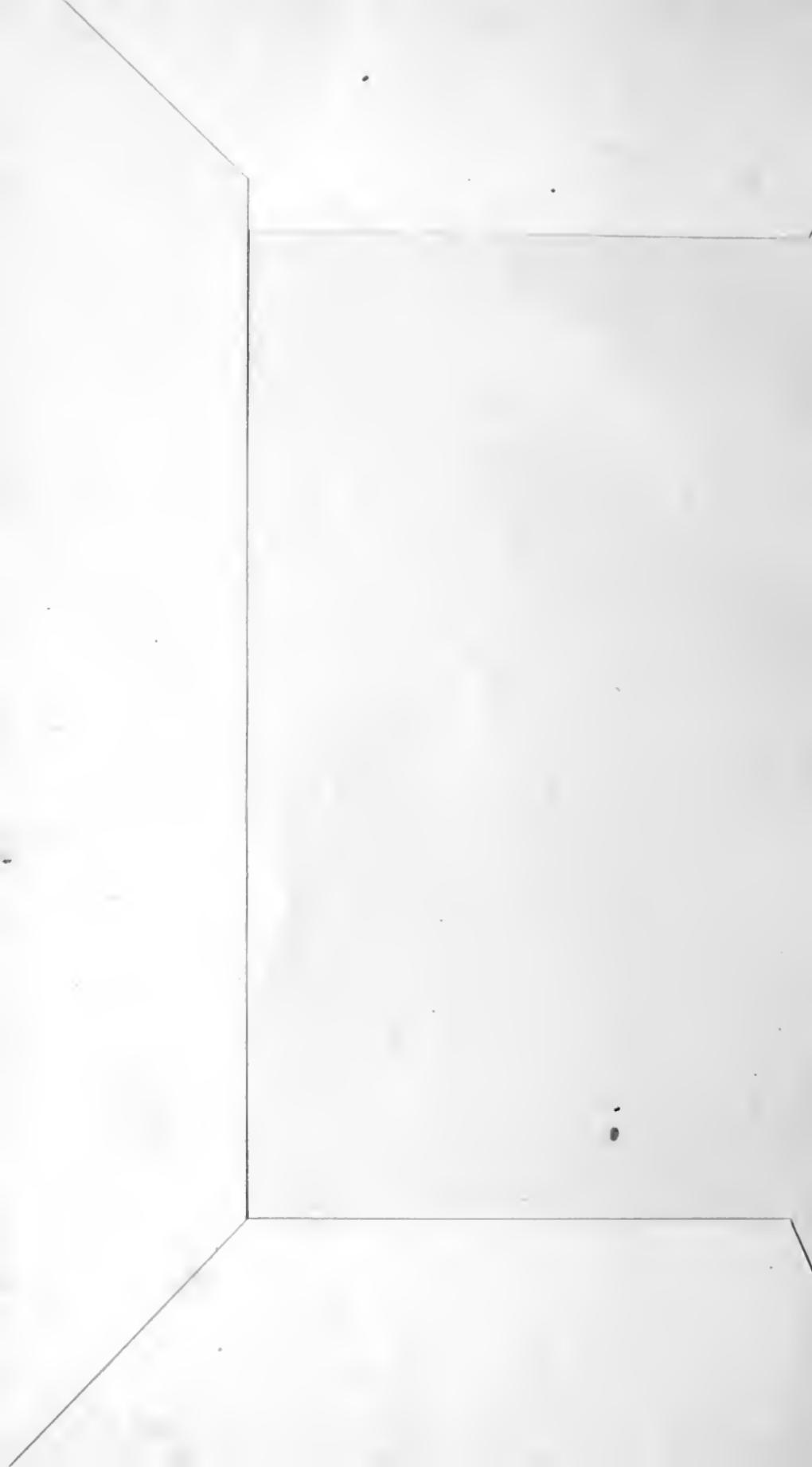
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BOSTON

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SKETCHES

BY

H. H. A. B.



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SKETCHES.

A LANDSCAPE.



WINDING road of red-brown
earth

Climbs a slow-ascending hill,

Through meadow-lands, and bush, and
brake,

Green with their summer dress.

A rushing river at the base

Roars madly through its bed,

Splashing the rocks with flecks of foam

And cooling the evening breeze.

The stately maples lift their arms

In arches toward the skies,

And through their fluttering leaves and
keys

The sunbeams come like gold.
Above the road in distant lines
The purple hills are seen,
O'ercast by clouds of white and gray,
Hung in an azure blue.

The shadows deepen, the birds are still,
All nature is at rest ;
And slowly, slowly, in the crimson West
The sun fades out of sight.

With gold and red he flecks the clouds
And tints the purple hills,
A good-night kiss to all the earth,
And then — 't is dark and gloom.

Out of the night, hung far above,
A crescent lamp appears ;
Its soft and silvery halo spreads
O'er river, hill, and dale.

The dew is glistening on the leaves,
The stars begin to shine
As windows in the floor of Heaven,
Through which its glory comes.

MAY.

HE branching hawthorn
Reaches toward the heavens
His pink and fleecy-tufted arms,
While flashing from each shining face
The purple beech-leaves send
Their green and copper light ;
The evening air is laden full
With odors sweet and fresh,
And hints of coming June
With fragrant breath.
Thine eye upturned,
My dear forget-me-not,
Reflects the azure-tinted dome,
And brings a heaven
To my dull, plodding life,
In the happiness of home.

TWILIGHT.

 O sun to warm
The darkening cloud of mist ;
But everywhere
The steaming earth sends up
A veil of gray and damp,
To kiss the green and tender leaves,
And leave its cool imprint
In limpid pearls of dew.
The blackening trunks and boughs
In ghostly silhouette,
Mark grimly in the coming eve
The shadows of the past.
All sounds are stilled ;
The birds have hushed themselves to rest,
And night comes fast, to drop her pall
Till morn brings life to all.

SERENADE.

 HINE out, shine out, good moon,
 to-night,
 And light my darling's home,
 And cast my shadow in her light
 When far from her I roam.

Her lovely eyes with slumber seal,
 And dreams of memories dear ;
 Let happiness her sorrows heal.
 Oh, would that I were near !

PANSIES.

 ES, show your sunburned faces
to the world,
And through the gold and pur-
ple of your cheeks
Breathe out your dainty self.
Modest no longer, since you must bloom
For all mankind ;
Teach humanity the way
How loveliness may hide
In brown and ugly roots,
Till the flattery of sun and rain
May tempt you from your oozy bed.
Hide it you may, with your ease of hearts,
Only till death.

ALONG THE SHORE.

 HOU black and shaggy, pulpous
thing,

Veiled o'er the wreck now floating in,

Lent by Nature, always kind,
To heal the wounds of storm and wind.

Rough beauty !

That rises and falls with the ebbing tide,
And makes men shudder who by it ride,
And hints of the splintering, crashing bolt
That in the dark night and howling storm
Went tearing and bursting till early dawn,
From top-mast to the deck below,

Where gathered the crew in awe-struck
woe.

They did not dream,
Nor could they know,
When twenty hours or more should go,

That, blushing from his watery bed,
The sun would come to find all dead,
And floating on a shattered hulk ;
That beams which light their dreary way
Over a trackless sea
Would brighten the homes of distant ones
In lands to them so dear,
And raise thanksgiving that the storm was
o'er
In hearts that longed for day.

TO A BOULDER.

ELL us thy history, O boulder gray,
Whence thou comest and whither thy way,
Where thy companions all buried so low
Deep in the mountain's bosom of snow.
If in the North did thy travels begin,
What took place near thee when ice
hemmed thee in?
Has ever the eye of living thing
Encompassed thine image or bade thee
sing?
What was its shape and how did it move,
Tell us its language and if it could love.
Did the sun ascend from the eastern sky,
Gilding all with his touch and delighting
the eye
As he sailed toward his home in the rosy
west

To close the day with a symbol of rest ?
Or the moon, with her fair and silv'ry light,
Illume the glacier's icy flight ;
Like sparkling gems its crystal waves
Along the rocky shore it laves.
Or wert thou one so deep inlaid,
'Neath snow and ice where thy scars were
made,
That ages came, and ages passed away,
While moving on, imprison'd from the
day ?
Silent thou art, and silent always be ;
'T is by thy silence we are led to see
Great wonders in that journey toward the
sea.

AT NIGHT.



OUT of the darkness,
 Radiant with light,
Shineth her Brightness,
 Empress of night.

As granules of gold,
 From her lofty height,
Or cataract bold
 (Amazing sight !)

Falleth her jewels
 On every side,
Lighting the joy-bells
 Of Christmas-tide.

Piercing the tree-boughs
 That wave in the breeze,
Painting their shadows
 Among dead leaves ;
 (15)

At Night

Kissing the sea-foam
That flies in the air,
When tossed from its home
In waves so fair ;

Silvering all clouds
That darken her way,
As she lifts the shrouds
Of breaking day.

EDOS.

N all his vast dominion
Through East and West,
Great Edos wrought,
Not with the sway
Of princelings reared in feeble times,
Who feed and fatten on the public pulse,
But loved his subject
As he feared his God,
Ready to meet Him
While each hour passed.
No fear of duty unperformed
Shadowed the subject or the King.
Who shared his crown
Possessed his love —
Possessed, said I ?
Not as queens hold their lords
In common eye,
But with the rosy shrine that true love
builds

Beyond the eye and mind
Of dull desire and fickle fortune.
He could not hope,
Nor did he ask
That such a love were his ;
But when his strength,
O'ermatched in Art and Science grim,
Waned with advancing years,
His love grew stronger,
And so unselfish,
That one day made him wish
She would lament him more than all.
And so it happened,
As the story runs,
That when his queen,
Most happy in his love,
To chase the shadows of the night away
Hastened to his side,
She found them not ;
With the life of the one
She loved so well
They were gone,
But the King's wish lived.

HOME.

N purple clusters hanging o'er the door
The graceful vine sends down her fragrance sweet ;
The hazy air envelops hill and dale,
And softens every form,
Till shadows fill their place,
While breathing softly through the peach-trees' blushing arms,
The evening breeze steals perfumes rare.
It brings the solemn, silvery tones
In measured strokes from village spires,
Whose whitened fingers toward the heavens
Point the way of those who rest
Among the distant rosy hills.
From pastures green and fresh with dew
The bellowing herd appear,

Slowly climbing a hillock near.
A cloud of dust hangs o'er the road
They know so well, that leads to comfort
In the coming night.
A road that marks the going-in and com-
ing-out
Of aged limbs and pattering feet,
Of those long dead
And many yet to come,—
To home, where doubts and fears,
Where joys and sorrows
Linger in the air ;
Whose walls, made dear by what they wit-
ness silently,
Sanctify the past,
While present generations live content
and happy.

All nature rests ;
And far above
The eastern sky is light and silvery
With the moon's pale fire,
Unhidden by a single cloud.
Each leaf, each wave

That mirrors but a glance,
Trembles with stolen brightness,
Conscious of its theft.

The stars shine out in the distant night,
And wink their benediction
While we say “Good-night.”



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M. C. Beach]. Boston : [s.n.], 18
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